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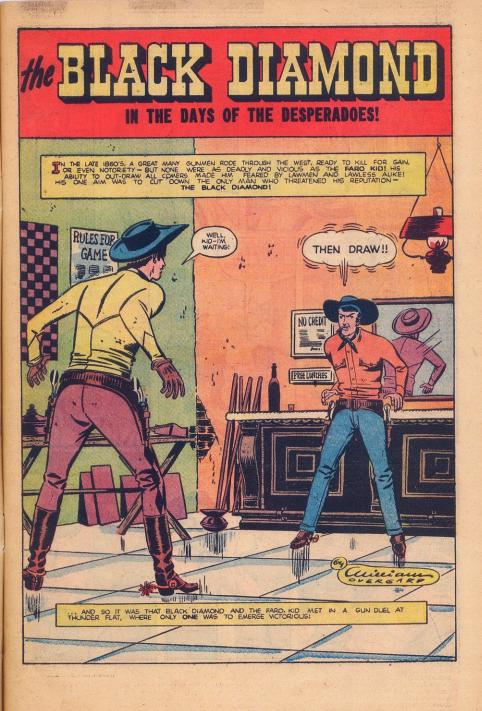
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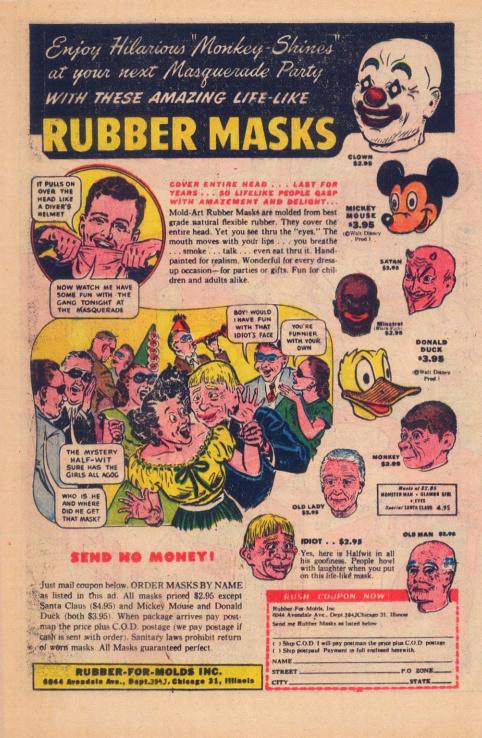
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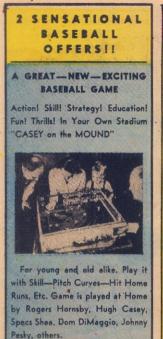












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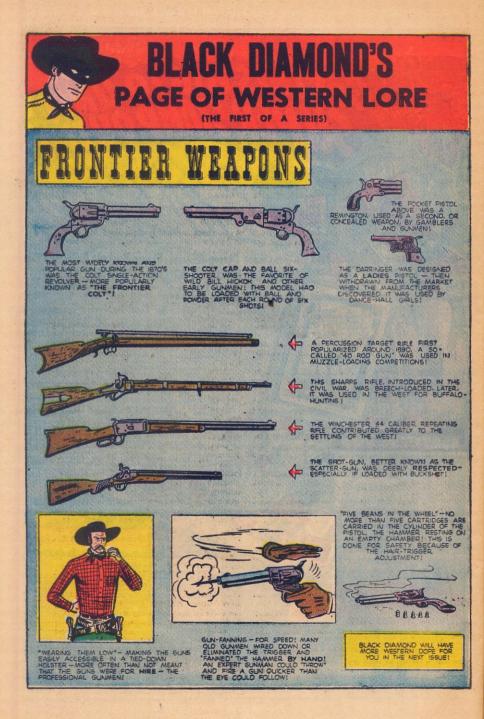
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T WAS night when young Hank Gabriel pulled up his horse at the hitching post of the main street of Ridge Bluffs, a dingy town high in the Rockies. He dismounted wearily, looked up and down the dark street, then headed for the Gold Coin Saloon, which had a sign prominently displayed: "Rooms Upstairs." He pushed through the swinging doors, went over to a table and sat down.

The bartender and two old miners seated at a rear table watched the boy cross the floor. "Howdy, stranger," the bartender cried. "What'll it be?"

"Just give me some coffee and five minutes to get my strength back," Hank grinned. "That's sure some climb between here and Carter City."

The bartender stared at him. "How'd you get up here? Ride a canary?"

'A canary!" Hank laughed and leaned on the bar. "Oh, you mean a Rocky Mountain burro! -not that I wouldn't have minded a pair of wings on that pony of mine." He twirled the cup in his hands. "No-I missed the weekly train here to Ridge Bluffs, I bought a horse from Sam Wade at the A Bar A Ranch and came on through. What I need right now is some dinner and a bed. Can you fix me up for tonight?"

The bartender looked thoughtfully at him, "I guess so-if beans an' ham an' coffee will fill the bill-"

While Hank was eating, the bartender brought out a second cup of coffee and sat down at the table with him. "I hope you don't mind if I join you, stranger. It's so long between visitors here that I don't get much information about what's going on anywhere."

Hank sipped his coffee. "Sure-I've been kinda lonely myself for the past couple of months, ever since I left Indiana. But my travelling's about done, though. How much farther is it to Angel's Gulch?"

Angel's Gulch! What in tarnation would a kid like you want in Angel's Gulch?" said the bartender. "It's ten miles from here, but that town hasn't seen a soul for twenty years or more -a living soul, that is. I wouldn't want to answer . for what other kinds of beings are up there, but they sure aren't angels!"

The bartender leaned confidentially across the table. "Listen, kid. I don't know what's takin' you up there, but whatever it is, I'd pick some other spot to head for. There's lots of towns in this territory, and any one of 'em is a healthier place than Angel's Gulch!

"What's the matter with it? Don't tell me you're scared of a ghost town!"

The older man shook his head. "There're ghost towns an' ghost towns, but there's nothin' like that place! What do you want up there, anyway?

Hank stiffened a bit, then relaxed. "It's not your business, really, but maybe you can give me some information. My family came from there. My father made his money there-and lost it. too.

when the vein ran out. I was just about a year old then. Anyway, he was killed in that big cave-in, and mother . . . well, mother didn't live long after that." The boy paused a minute. "My aunt took me back East, and when I was eighteen she gave me a letter my mother had written to mesixteen years before. It was a crazy sort of letter. As a matter of fact, she was pretty much out of her head when she wrote it. But she rambled on about Angel's Gulch . . . and gold in the streets ... and ... and ... that the *devil* had a grip on the town!".

He looked up and saw the bartender staring at him.

"I know it's crazy, but-anyway, she asked me to come back here and save the town. Maybe that stuff she wrote didn't mean anything, but I came up here to take a look. And that's it!

There was silence for a minute. Then the bartender said slowly, "I don't think I've introduced myself. I'm Rick Gorham. And your name is-" He sounded as if he were afraid Hank would confirm something he already knew.

'Gabriel. Hank Gabriel. Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

For Gorham had stood up suddenly, knocking the chair to the ground. "Get outta here!" he shouted. "You can't stay here in this town! It's young Gabriel! The Widow Gabriel's son! GET OUT!"

Hank stood up; amazed. "Now, see here ... !"

"See here, nothin'! I've seen enough of Gabriels to never want to lay eyes on one again. Get out!"

Hank swung around the table, grabbed Gorham by the collar, and shoved him back against the bar. "What d'ya mean? Tell me what you've got against Gabriels-or I'll beat it out of you!"

"Go ask the Widow!" the barkeeper shrieked hysterically. "She's up there! Go ask-" "The Widow who? By heaven, you'll talk!"

Hank raised his fist high above Gorham's head.

"Your mother!" the barkeeper whispered hoarsely. "She's been up there ever since Gabriel was killed in the cave-in and everybody left town."

"My mother's been dead for "sixteen years," Hank muttered thickly, "-and no rotten drink-slinger is goin' to say she's running around a ghost town!"

Gorham twisted out of Hank's grip and sat down weakly. "I'll tell ya what I know about it." He paused, then went on. "I remember the cave-in myself. Thirty men were caught in it, and Pickett, your father's partner, was the only one to get out alive. Pickett said that the cave-in washed up the mine for good-that there was no chance of finding the mother vein again.

"After that, he left town, and so did the others. Finally there was nobody left but the Widow, her sister, who took you away, and her babyyou. Anyway, she kept tellin' everybody that they were crazy to leave, that the gold was there, and that all they had to do was pitch in and dig the cunnel through again.

"Nobody'd pay any attention to her. They knew she'd been hysterical ever since Gabriel was killed. Then she left, too. The town was deader'n a doornail!" The bartender stopped. "Go on!"

"Well, then she came back! Honest-I'm not one for believin' in ghosts - but there she was ... only about a foot taller and strong as an ox! She wandered around those empty streets crying and moanin' like a banshee! Then a prospector wandered up there, and never came back! Nobody who went tourin' around there ever came back!

"So a bunch of us from Ridge Bluffs decided to investigate and see if *she* was still around. Sure as shootin', she was, but when we chased her into the mine, with her laughin' like a hyena, a whole pile of rocks came slidin' down on our heads, and we barely got out in time. We thought she had been trapped, but later on a fella saw her again when he was comin' through the gulch! Since then, nobody's been up there-" Gorham licked his lips. "That's all, I guess!"

He looked up at Hank, who then turned without a word and strode out of the Gold Coin Saloon.

Four hours later, Hank rounded a bend of the river and drew his horse up shortly. There, cold and forlorn in the moonlight, lay the remnants of Angel's Gulch. He felt confused and almost frantic, but as he rode on he grew calmer. "Well, there's no way of findin' out what's

"Well, there's no way of findin' out what's going on except by looking around," he thought. Suddenly he tensed. An inhuman wail filled the air, mingling with the moan of the wind. He slipped off his horse, and nervously stepped forward. He spotted the building it seemed to be coming from, then raced across the open street.

Bang! There was a loud report as a bullet whistled past his ear. He ducked into the shadows, and crept around toward the rear of the crumbling building. "That does it!" he thought. "I've never yet heard of a ghost counting on bullets to do his dirty work!" He flattened himself against the house, and peered in through the decaying boards. And there, silhouetted against the window, was the "Widow!"

Her black, ragged veil and shaggy locks ruffling in the breeze, the black-skirted she-thing stood there, staring out of the window. "Drop that gun!" Hank shouted. "Ghost or Widow or whatever you are! You've got some answerin' to do!"

The figure whirled, dropped the gun, leaped through the window, and ran toward the mine shaft with Hank in pursuit. "Stop or I'll fire!" Hank yelled. But the weird

"Stop or I'll fire!" Hank yelled. But the weird black figure had vanished into the gloomy darkness of the mine. Hank followed, and paused before the ladder near the entrance, testing it cautiously, remembering Gorham's adventure in the mine.

Suddenly there was a hollow rumble, and the ground under Hank's feet seemed to move. The sound of tons of shifting rock split the air, and then, as the slide settled, an anguished voice screamed out.

"I'm caught! Help me! Help me! Aie-ee-eee!" Hank dropped onto the ladder, and climbed down into the unfamiliar darkness, his gun in his hand. Dimly he made out the figure, pinned beneath rock and timber, and ran over to it. "I can't move. Can... can you lift the beams? No-of course you can't. I... know myself how many day's work it takes to clear this... away." There was a groan and Hank stared in amazement.

"Why-you're a man! Who-who are you?"

The figure stirred feebly. "I'm Ephraim Pickett ... seems strange-1 haven't used that name in years."

"Pickett! cried Hank. "My father's partner!" "So you're ... young Gabriel. Maybe this is justice of some sort-that you should be the cause of my death. But then, I was the cause of your father's ..."

"Why, you-what do you mean?"

"You might as well know," Pickett breathed painfully. "It's been sixteen years that I've kept this story to myself-forgotten it, really, in order to become the "Widow".

"It started in this same tunnel," the injured man went on. "After the original vein ran out, your father and I decided to invest all our savings in digging another shaft. We knew we hadn't struck the mother vein, but that it was there, all right. Suddenly I spotted it – there was enough gold there to make me a multi-millionaire. So I covered it over and ordered the men to stop digging. But Gabriel smelled a rat, and started to re-open the tunnel. I hid some dynamite in the rock, and as soon as Gabriel and his men happened on the new vein, I set off the fuse. The explosion almost got me, too, but I got out. Your father, and the others died there."

"I'd like to-" Hank felt himself ready to strike Pickett, but instead said grimly, "What about my mother?"

"Well, she just about went crazy. I don't know how much she knew, but she was so out of her mind, it didn't matter much. After that, everybody cleared our and headed for other richer mines. I left for a while myself and when I heard of her death, I got an idea that would keep everybody away from this town.

"That was when the Widow reappeared—only I was the Widow." Pickett smiled a little. "It was a cinch to take care of the few fools who ventured in, and when a posse from Ridge Bluffs came after me—well, I was ready for them, too. I had a slide all ready for them, one that looked like the real thing, but that just blocked off the tunnel for a few feet. Then all I had to do was clear it away after they left and start in again."

Pickett was growing weaker. "A fat lot of good that vein did me, though. Sure, I got & lot out-pure gold nuggets-only it meant that I had to pack it over the pass to Bakerstown because I might have been recognized in Ridge Bluffs. And I couldn't take a chance on leaving Angel's Gulch unguarded for more than a few days. Each time I made that trip I thought it would be my last, that I'd go somewhere and settle down. But I kept on coming back for more. I guess I never learned to let well enough alone."

He shuddered and took a difficult breath. "I ... guess I ... I haven't any use for ... any of ... it now. It's all ... yours ... as it should-"

There was a long silence, broken only by Hank's slow breathing, in that long tuhnel where so many lives had been lost-all for the gold that had brought nothing to the man who had craved it but a fear-ridden life-and a violent death. Pickett had planned well - but so had Fate. THE END

























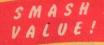






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